

Alma Mater

And then there was the time
Sinclair Lewis
And his publisher
Went out to Yale
To present a golden medal
Big as a grapefruit
To the library
(He'd got it one day in Sweden)
And those reputable gentlemen
Would have been better off
With a real grapefruit
And a dash of salt
But lurched in anyway
And made their speech
While Mr. Rush said things like
"Please, gentlemen,"
And "You collect medals?"
And tried to deal suavely with those drunks
Till Red was as red as his red hair
And left that damn place.
And Fitzgerald didn't do much better at Princeton.
Nobel prizes and great books are fairly commonplace.
You can leave your loot with mother, boys,
But she may not know your face.

— Dorothy Nyren

Sitting In The Wicker Chair At Your House

Give me a green glass with
Just plain water in it,
And
Give me a yellow apple
And
A purely (0) a purely green glass with
Just plain water in it.

— Tamery Dean